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insertion.

The following Song has been handed us
in publication by the author, whose early
years were passed on the banks of the Tweed
within a stone's throw of Melrose Abbey.
We think our readers will agree with us
when we say that it is one of the most beautiful
of the kind we have read for many

SONG.

Come my love, come with me,
Come beneath the broken tree;
There I'll pass the day with thee,
My bonnie dearie.

To the wild bird's evening song,
Hounding the green-wings among;
To the forest let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Come my love, come with me,
Come beneath the broken tree;
There I'll pass the day with thee,
My bonnie dearie.

Come to the rocky steep,
Where the chrysalis water keeps;
Where the slender birches weep,
O'er it use fondly.

Come my love, come with me,
Come beneath the broken tree;
There I'll pass the day with thee,
My bonnie dearie.

WANDERING JAMIE.

BACKGAMMON VERSUS CHESS.

I am just come away from a terrible
spite with my cousin Kate on the re-
sults of backgammon and chess.
As patronizes chess; I stick up for
backgammon; and to hear us at our
argument you would think I had been
taken home outright. I say our argu-
ment, because I am a gallant fellow;
tough to put modesty on the shelf for
reason, rationalization is pretty nearly all
game side—mine, of course. Yet, I
don't know how it is, I can never bring
Kate to my way of thinking—nay, she
does not unfrequently the assurance to
me that I am the vanquished party—
women are certainly the worst of ar-
guments in the world; they never know
when they are beaten. You may assail
them with logic, you may better them
with syllogisms—what care they? You
say you have got them fairly into a
relation of absurdity—you have driven
them to Point Nonplus—you have left
them with not so much as a leg to stand
on—and straightway they take up
their old position just as if nothing had
happened. That's always the way with
Kate, at least. When I have outwitted
her till I am nearly black in the face,
and she is reduced to a positive nonen-
tality, she spreads out her wings,
like a regenerated phoenix (excuse the
rhetoric of the simile), and from those
riders of argumentation, rises up in all
the pride of untrifled plumage. This
is me in a pet—well it may, indeed!
and then we get to "high words" and
Kate laughs; and then I bounce
out of the room; and, running to this
side of mine, set-to to vindicate
myself in an essay. That's the best way
of disputing, after all—the pleasantest,
in my rate. You can then give your ar-
guments fair play. If there is a weak
point in your adversary's reasoning,
that fine tearing you can make of it,
and if a tough objection comes in
your way, how easy to misunderstand it,
to skip it over altogether! Commend
me to your pen-argument, there is none
more complete with it. It is like a grand
holiday and review, where the troops
are all on one side; or, if you are obli-
gated for candor's sake, to give yourself a
heavy luncheon, no fear but that you
will find means to parry them—like the
cook in the kitchen, you need not care a
bout being tossed head over heels for
there is no danger but you will come
down on your legs again.

How anybody can like chess moves
is a special wonder. It is the dullest,
the most tedious, and the tedious game
under the sun. There they sit, Kate
and James, posing and posing over these
bones' heads and fools' caps, hour after
hour, night after night. They speak
but once or twice in an evening, and
then only monosyllabically. "Check!"
—and it seems as if a chair or a table
had been suddenly endowed with speech.
They can't talk themselves, and they
can't be talked to. You cannot ask the
question but they give you a subli-
mated answer; if, indeed, they condescend
to give you an answer at all. They call
it playing at chess; monstrous perversi-
ty—to me it seems harder work than
Algebra. It is no game at all, in fact—
it is a labor, and a labor, too, the most
tiresome that can well be imagined. It
is like those "instructional games" in-
vented for children, where they are required

to twist the tee-totum and ascertain the
height of John Chinaman in a breath;
where the drawing of a card or the
throwing of a die leads you to the depth
of the Mediterranean or the longitude
of Pernambuco. Poor dear children!
who could have so miserably mistaken
the nature of play—who could have
forged such fetters for their souls? But,
bless them! They despised the chest—
they spurned the starved snake—they
tore the false sheet into ten thousand frag-
ments—they shivered the tee-totum into
ten thousand fragments! But look at
the chess-players, motionless as a brace
of mummies! And yet they describe
their game as "very exciting." Ha! ha!
only observe their faces—not a curl of
the lip, not a twinkle of the eye—they
have not mastered so much as a smile
betwixt 'em this half hour! Once or
twice, indeed, they have been "excited"
to a most potentuous frown; and some-
thing very like a half-suppressed "damn it!"
has every now and then been heard
on James' side of the board. They tel-
you it is the game of kings—war in mi-
niture. If Kings like it well and good:
one seldom hears of them playing at it.
I have been a constant reader of the daily
papers this—no matter how many
years; I have read of his Majesty tak-
ing an airing in the Park, playing a quiet
rubber at whist, sailing on Virginia
Water, and going to look at the harriers
at the Devil's Dyke; but I never heard
of the king playing at chess. As for its
being an image of war (no great credit,
by the bye), so is backgammon—so is
cribbage—so is fox-and-goose. Query:
—do kings ever play at fox-and-goose?

I have mentioned backgammon. Yes,
backgammon is a game. What life—
what spirit—what merriment—what vari-
ety! Rattle, rattle, rattle, go the dice
—bang—sixes! Bravo! take you up—
cover my own blot—take you up again,
and complete the lost point in my own
table. Ha, ha! if that is not enough to
make any one die with laughing, what is?
Throw again—six and three—obliged to
leave a blot—four—by Jove, you take
me—there again—up I go, two men
must-headle in a moment, and my ad-
versary grinning from ear to ear. Ha,
ha, ha!

That's what I like in backgammon.
The reverses are so sudden—the ups and
downs are as quick as in running hand.
You have not time to brood over your
ill luck, and your enjoyment is the keener
for the shortness of your triumph. It is
like a game at fisticuffs, where you
shake hands with your antagonist before
you set-to, and pledge his health in a
bumper when all is over. The other
one is far more vicious, downright French
and English—war to the knife—thor-
ough "good hating." In backgammon,
you have not time to be angry; in chess,
ill-blood must needs grow from so long
brooding. I would not willingly walk
out in the dark with a man whom I had
beaten at chess. You may believe it or
not, as you like; but I once knew a young
fellow who lost his mistress and forty
thousand pounds by indiscreetly taking
her queen with one of his pawns; and my
uncle, who is so fond of backgammon
as I am, assures me that he has heard
of a person who, having been stale-mated
when on the point of winning a long
contested game, took it so much to heart
that he cut his carotid artery three weeks
after. For my part, I could never prop-
erly understand chess—it is such in-and-
out, three cornered work. The rooks,
bishops, and pawns I could manage well
enough; but those horrid horses' heads,
they always perplexed me. And then
that *castling the king*, I never could re-
member, from one time to another, how
it was to be done; and never saw the
use of it when it was done. Most people,
I believe, play at chess because they think
it fine to do so; young ladies, because they
fancy it argues a masculine mind—young
men, because it hides their stupidity—
retired fallow-chillers, because they
consider it genteel. I was once fool e-
nough to be dazzled by the glitter of the
red and white, studied Philidor, and
went to see the automaton. But the fit
was not of long duration—I soon cut my
wisdom teeth—I soon returned to dear
old backgammon; and I wish, reader,
you and I could have a lit together at
this moment. I can never tire of back-
gammon. It is like "Sweet Home," (the
song, I mean), you cannot have too
much of it; the appetite here "grows by
what it feeds on," (really our quotations
and similes are shockingly antique.) It
is like bread and cheese, of which it is
said, the more you eat the hungrier you
get. It unwearies the mind, and recti-
fies the spirits. It turns a Nero into an
Augustus, and a Cymon into a Caesar.
The very sight of a backgammon board
is enough to put me into a good humor.
Those stripes of crimson and grey, how
pleasant they be, like the glowing clouds
of a summer sunset, or the brilliant cor-
ruscations of the Aurora Borealis! How
different the arena of the chess war!
It always puts me in mind of the symbol
on an alchemist's window. It deserves no
better than to be played on a shutter.

Backgammon is essentially a gay
game. It is not to be played with sol-
emn thoughts and sour faces. You ought
to laugh every time you throw, and if
you have not a jest ready for every
"doublets," you don't deserve to throw
doublets again as long as you live. As
backgammon is a game almost entirely of
chance, it will scarcely be in good taste
to make much stand upon your skill.
Less is it to be endured that you should
be constantly referring to Hoyle, for the
maintenance of some vexatious rule or
foolish courtesy. If a man stand shilly-
shallying over a blot, or hesitates to take
one of your men, for fear of the conse-

quences, beware how you lend him your
money, or entrust him with the title-
deeds of your house! If a man insults
you by pedantically quoting and resolute-
ly maintaining antiquated laws, such as,
"If you touch a man you must move it,
and if you relinquish it you cannot re-
call it," shut the board in his face, ring
for your slippers, and go to bed. I was
once called in to bail a fellow with whom
I had long been on terms of intimacy.
We played a game or two at backgam-
mon in the spunging house. I threw
sixes, one on one side the board, one on
the other. He protested it was against
the rules of the game, and insisted on
my throwing again. I took up my hat,
left the room, and suffered my friend to
go to prison. Did I not serve him right-
ly?

The only objection I ever heard against
backgammon was its want of sociality,—
only two can play at it. This is the objec-
tion my very good friends, the whist play-
ers. But I don't consider it an objection;
far from it—it is an advantage. There is
seldom more than one person in a com-
pany that you care to converse with; and
if a friend, how delightful an opportunity
it affords you for a *tete-a-tete*. You go
on playing and joking, rattling the dice
and squibbing off puns, as pleasantly as sun-
shine in a bay-field. The game no more
interrupts your thoughts than a gale dis-
turb the serenity of the deep. It is to
your discourse, what the accompaniment is
to a song; it is as animating as a trumpet
to a war-horse, or a view-hollo to a fox-
hunter, or a pair of bagpipes to a Scotch-
man. In the case of a sweetheart, the
game is positively invaluable. To the
lady herself what opportunities it affords
for the display of a well turned arm; how
dramtically her little fingers curl about a-
mongst the men; how brilliantly glance
her bright eyes, smiling over some lucky
throw; and to you a *fete-champetre*, or a
ball gives not half the facilities. I never
was in love but once in my life, and then
I always used to pay my addresses through
the medium of the backgammon board.
Oh! Mary Rose W—! [Mrs Jacob
Jenkinson now.] Oh! Mary Rose! [Rose-
mary I used to call you in my more play-
ful moments.] What billings and cooings
have we had over that mock "History of
England" of your old aunt's! What ten-
der things have we said under cover of
the dice-box! what sighs have we mingled
with the rattling of the men! how very
close have we brought our lips (all but
kissing) under pretence of disputing a
throw, or ascertaining the length of a six-
and-five! How often, too, when your
proud aunt has looked up from her "Whole
duty of Man," and seen us leaving blot
after blot, and throwing better-sketter, and
playing into the wrong table, and taking up
our own men instead of our adversary's—
how often she started up with her old fa-
vorite exclamation, "Heyley! how now?"
and how have you blushed, Mary, at being
convicted of a sigh or an ogle! and how
have I stammered out an excuse for my
fingers, which were haply caught playing
themselves among your jetty ringlets, or
for my toe, which was making love to your
toe under the little rosewood table! Oh!
Mary, Mary? those were happy days!
my heart and your heart, Mary—but, as I
said before, you are Mrs Jacob Jenkinson
now, and I mustn't say a word of tenderness
in your matronly car, lest that old stock-
broking husband of your's should take
it into his head to sue for damages.
Oh! Mary, Mary, how could you think of
marrying into the 3 per cent. Consols, to
be doomed to death with the slang of
Capelcourt, to give birth to nothing but
bills and bawls?

I have known a game of chess to last
two, three, or even four evenings. That
seems bad enough; but what must one
think when it comes to be spun out for
many months, to be played through the
medium of the General Post-office, and
hundreds of miles intervene betwixt each
move? Madness, madness! I was once
challenged to play a game through the Two-
penny, but I declined with indignation.
The challenger showed me a letter he had
that morning received from an adversary
in Edinburgh, and he expected another
he said by the next vessel from India. The
Edinburgh letter ran thus: "Dear
Phil, by moving pawn No. 4 one square
forward, you will very much oblige."
Dear Phil, your's sincerely, John John-
stone." This fact alone is, in my mind,
enough to damn chess. What affection?
what folly! Did any one ever hear of a
game of backgammon being played after
such a foolish fashion? Never. I'll be
bound for it. Then, the airs of superiority
the chessites assume over poor backgam-
monists, and the utter contempt they pro-
fess for our game! Why the fact is that
our game is as superior to theirs, as silver
to seaweed. In chess, two players must
either be equal or unequal. If equal, they
see through each other's manoeuvres in a
minute, and the game (if not prolonged
till both parties are heartily sick of each
other, and so dropped from mere weariness)
is lost at last by an oversight; the
looser not considering himself beaten. If
unequal, a certain number of moves
places the weaker party *hors-de-combat*,
and that too often as the game may happen
to be renewed.

In backgammon nothing of this sort
takes place. The most practiced player
may be beaten by the very best. Old
grandpapa may be gammoned by his little
early headed granddaughter. Luck's all.
Fortune governs throughout: conjecture
is positively unfounded. A chancery suit
or an action for libel can scarcely be
more uncertain in its results. At backgam-
mon all men are fatalists. Many fine
moral lessons are contained in its leaders-
book "The Talmud" and the "Koran"
are not more full of ethical instruction than

those two volumes of anti-types. They
teach us how vain are all our calculations
for the future, how foolish in matters over
which we have no control. They counsel us
to look with suspicion on present good for-
time, yet never to despair in the midst of
adversity. Let no man be puffed up with
pride; his pride may have a fall; let no
man despair at the presence of poverty;
he may throw sixes! Backgammon in-
stills into our minds the rudiments of hon-
orable competition. It is a microcosm, in
which the men represent the brute matter,
and the dice the informing principle. If
chess is a game for kings, backgammon is a
recreation fit for the immortal gods them-
selves.

A noble game is backgammon, as I think
cousin Kate will acknowledge when she
comes to cast her fine black eyes over this
most venerable and unsophisticated essay.

WEDDINGS.

We have "not the papers" to show the
fact, but from general information which
memory has in her library on the subject,
we believe we are authorized in saying,
that a greater number of unhappy marriages
are contracted in these latter days than
formerly; and that in consequence more
applications are made and granted for di-
vorce. The principal reason of this is,
that the old fashioned wedding has, in a
great measure given way to a modern meth-
od, destitute of form, solemnity and religion.
The Squire's office has been substituted
for the church and the altar, the statute for
the prayer book, and the Justice of the
district for the pastor. It requires no nerve
to take "a solemn vow;" for the man
who can make an affidavit to an "ear
mark" can stand up before his Honor, and
take a woman "for better or worse."

Matrimonial alliances are thus easily
made, and quite as easily broken. The
limbs of the law have found out that the
whole matter is a mere legal contract, like
the buying and selling of produce; and it
has been decided in the good old Keystone
State, so the papers inform us, that a wed-
ding on Sunday is not binding, because con-
trary to the provision of law in relation to
trading on the Sabbath day made and pro-
vided.

The life, the spirit, the poetry of the
alliance is dying out, and the cold, heart-
less, insipid, stupid ceremonies, now so
generally in vogue, leave no trace of moral
beauty or obligation on the mind. The re-
turn upon the writ is "according to law,"
and the "twain made one" go forth with-
out a blessing on their heads. Is it to be
wondered at, that amidst the little tempests
which must certainly arise in the voyage of
life, the worsted bands give way? Is it to
be wondered at, that where there are so
little to impress the mind with the sacred-
ness, the glory, the grandeur, the heaven
of the nuptial vow, the sensibilities soon
become deadened, and the yoke oppressi-
ve?

We are no advocate for the union of the
Church and State; but the union of men
and women by regular ministers of the
church we go in for, most decidedly. If
ever we need the fervent effectual prayer
of a righteous man, it is when, standing in
the presence of heaven and our fellows, we
pledge love, fidelity, protection to one
who has left all to share with us our cares
and our joys, and the language of whose
heart and lips is "whither thou goest, I
will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will
lodge; thy people shall be my people, and
thy God my God;—where thou diest, will I
die, and there will I be buried."

Reader, when you marry, get a Clergy-
man, and have the ceremonies performed
in the good old imposing way, in a way
commensurate with the importance of the
occasion. Have a groomsmen and a brides-
maid, a great supper and a house full of
witnesses. Pay the minister his fee, it will
help him too; for his regular salary is not a
great deal. His blessing and invocation
will be worth it, no matter how large the
amount, and the registry of your vows, in-
stead of being written among stray notices
assault and battery cases, and commitment
orders, and liable to be lost and forgotten,
will be kept fresh and interesting in
your mind and heart by Him who "answer-
eth prayer," and who has said, "what
God has joined together let no man part
asunder."

GREAT NAVAL WORK IN RUSSIA.—In
the month of February last the great na-
val basin at Sebastopol was completed, and
the largest ships of war in the Russian
Navy can now be docked with the great-
est ease at that port. Some idea may be
formed of the magnitude of the works when
it is stated that the basin covers an extent
of ten acres of ground, and has seven dry
docks, three on one side and four on the
other. The water in the basin is 30 feet
above the level of the Black Sea, and the
vessels are taken into it by means of three
locks, the iron gates of which were made
by Messrs. George and Sir John Rennie,
and are 64 feet broad, the breadth of the
locks being 28 feet deep. A large reser-
voir has been constructed at some distance
from the basin, and the former is constantly
supplied with water, by allowing a river
to enter it, while the quantity of water in
the basin is regulated by sluices from the
reservoir. Each of the dry docks has a
sluice, which can be opened and the water
emptied out in a very limited period, with-
out the trouble of pumping, the plan a-
dopted at the docks adjoining basins in
this country when it is found requisite to
empty them at high water. The Emperor
of Russia is reported to have about 50
ships-of-war at present at Sebastopol, and
has recently received the best description
of machinery for making blocks and other
purposes.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

THE SPRING OF LIFE IS PAST.

The following lines, from the Louisville
Journal, are above all praise—surprisingly
beautiful—

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness
All perch darkly there.

While bliss was blossoming near
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many a flower could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon the river,
When the breeze goes quipping o'er,
These hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

Tu and—yet sweet to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell;
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And we will feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam like angels there.

There were many dreams of gladness
That clung around the past—
For such a world as this—
Old thoughts come thronging fast!
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and the lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this—
Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows as sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the cheerful gleams of April,
They followed every tear!
They have passed—like hope—a-way—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet, oh! it is a lovely death,
To fade from earth like them!
And yet the thought is saddening,
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away.

That the fairest ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
That no perch on their shrine!
And yet we can but think of these
In soft and gentle pain,
When the trees are waving over us,
And flowers are blossoming;
For we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die.

A VERMONT ARTIST.

Mr. Alexander Rutherford of Shel-
don, in this State, has had the good
fortune to receive the highest prize ever
awarded by the International Art
Union. This association made a rule,
not long ago, awarding to the aspirant
who should be selected, under certain
regulations, as the most meritorious, a
sum of money sufficient for his main-
tenance one year in the Italian school
of Art. The honor, we are happy to
learn, has fallen upon Mr. Rutherford,
a young man of about twenty years,
and of great promise in his profession.
As a Vermont artist, we wish him much
success, and wish him much pleasure
and profit in his sojourn over the
waters.—Free Press.

We had a call from Mr. Rutherford
on his way home to visit his friends
before sailing. We remember him as a
young artist of promise, taking por-
traits here in 1846. He has made
rapid strides since then, and is now,
we rejoice to see, about to stand face
to face with the masters of his art.—
We wish him health, and with that he
will compel success.—Burlington Cour.

POWERS' STATUE OF EVE. The
friends of Hiram Powers, and all the
lovers of art, will learn with regret
that the great work of our sculptor,
Eve, which has some time been expect-
ed in this country for Mr. Preston, of
South Carolina, has been lost by a ship-
wreck off the Spanish coast. It was
considered the artist's master piece by
his friends in Italy. It was larger than
the Greek Slave though of life size.

A TRUE MAN. Who is he? one
who will not swerve from the path of
duty to gain a mine of wealth or a
world of honors. He respects the
feelings of all—the rich and the poor,
the honorable and the humble. He is
as careful not to speak in an unkind or
a harsh word to his servant as to his
lord. He is attentive to the wants of
a slave as to a prince. Wherever you
meet him he is the same kind accom-
modating unobtrusive humble individ-
ual. In him are embodied the elements
of pure religion. No step is taken
which the law of God condemns—no
word is spoken that pains the ear of
man. Be you like him, then you will
be prepared to live or die, to serve God
on earth or in heaven.

CHALK.

It is a remarkable fact, that chalk has
been found nowhere on the western con-
tinent. It is said that the material which
certain travelers have found in America,
and designated as chalk, was a calcareous
deposit, Agaric mineral.

On the hills of fare at San Francisco is
found a new dish—marquise pudding.

From the Olive Branch. PERSUASION AND FORCE.

In a certain parish in old Hibernia,
and died a biped, to whom we shall ap-
ply the appellation of Dennis McFarlan.
It seems that a majority of the holy-
days of the life of Dennis was consumed,
to use his own words, "in courting,
tasting, and parlaying the fair sex."
In the early hours of his life, he it said
to his dishonor, he wooed and won the
affections of a lass named Bridget Ma-
honey. After Dennis was informed by
Bridget that he had conquered her heart,
a light of joy pervaded his features,
when he said to her, "Och, Bridget,
my darlint, did I not tell yees I was
a native Irish boy? and Bridget Ma-
honey, it's yees that I have at my
will; and by the crown of my head,
I'd rather die the death of a bachelor,
than be shorn of the pleasure of cocket-
ing wid the gals."

Now Bridget had passed the meri-
dian of youth, and her age was uncer-
tain. She bore great love towards
Dennis, and anticipated the day when
he should conduct her to the parish
priest's. With her, as has occurred
with many others, her boasted union
long eluded her grasp, much to her
mortification and regret. It appears
that Bridget had told her intimate
friends of the many kindnesses and
favors she had received from Dennis,
and as a matter of course, they told
their intimate friends, and each related
the matter with some of their own
dressing, until it was generally be-
lieved by all, that Dennis and Bridget
would soon become as one. Bridget
prided herself on the good fortune of
receiving so many kind attentions from
Dennis, who seemed to be a general
favorite at every wake and fair; and
at one time, Bridget actually went so
far as to ask a neighbor about the style
and cost of a wedding gown.

Now as the lasses of the parish be-
lieved, *bona fide*, that Dennis was soon
to be married, they did not exhibit the
reserve they otherwise would have;
nor did they keep aloof from him as
they had done of yore, but said many
sweet things to him, because, if event-
ually, he should become a widower,
they still might have an opportunity of
winning his second love.

Some unseen Ariel informed Dennis
of Bridget's unwarrantable and to him
unpleasant conclusions; which he could
not willingly comprehend. However,
by dint of deep and searching reflection,
and deliberation, he understood
what Bridget would have him do; and
immediately, and as he supposed con-
clusively, *before* her will, and turned
his malleable attentions unto another
lass. The stubborn and unyielding
conclusion of Dennis near broke the
tender heart of Bridget, and out of
malice (for women have it as well as
men) Bridget put her ingenuity to task
to form a net to entrap the bird she
fain would call her own.

She well understood the nature of
the *beau ideal*, and knew that he had
a natural fear of the reptiles which St.
Patrick had banished from the *bogs*.—
She had heard, by some neighbors who
had attended market, that a menagerie
had arrived at the market-town, with
all kinds of animals, and in the collec-
tion was to be found several snakes,
from whose mouth the tamer had ex-
tracted their fangs; and all this she
kept secret, with an old maid's cunning.

Bridget had often persuaded Dennis
that their situations would be enhanced
and happier, if their fates were united;
and very impressively and emphatically
quoted his motto, "*United we stand
divided we fall*." Dennis was inexora-
ble, and the only untied power by which
she might possibly arrive at the goal of
her wishes, was force.

Therefore our undaunted and unyield-
ing heroine wended her way to the town,
where the menagerie was exhibiting for
a limited time; and inquired for the
exhibitor of the animals, (who, by the way,
was a kind-hearted man, although it fell
to his lot to exhibit ferocious lions, tigers,
hyenas, &c., for a livelihood) and asked
of him the loan of one of his small
snakes, for a short time. As a matter
of course, the man refused to comply
with her request, until Bridget made him
acquainted with her misfortune, with
sobbing words and tearful eyes. He
sympathized with Bridget, and loaned
her the snake, on condition that it would
be returned uninjured, by a specified time.

Having the serpent well placed within
a small sickle work basket, she turned
her steps homeward with her *protege*.—
Bridget called upon an attorney in the
village before she left, and procured a
marriage contract, or rather a pledge to
bind the signers to do the same, all regu-
larly filled, except the man's name.

The man who loaned her the snake,
and another man, followed Bridget's step
unknown to her, to see the finale of the
experiment.

It happened to be in the spring season
of the year, and the foliage of the hedges
was being thick, they walked after her
unperceived. "The shades of night" were
at hand, when they observed her enter a
house, and in a few moments they saw
her come out again in a garb of disguise

By the time they had proceeded a mile
more, it was night.

Soon they saw the figure of Bridget
enter a gate, and walk stealthily to the
window of the house within the enclosure,
and peer in. Then she went around
the house to the door. The men who
followed her, had by this time reached
the window, where they could see all
within the house. A dim lamp was
burning on a table, and a man was re-
clining on a low bed, paying sincere
devotion to *Morpheus*, the god of sleep.

Presently the door began to open, cas-
sily, and in stepped Bridget. She drew
her veil close about her face, and opened
the basket, and took from it the serpent.
Then she approached the bed, and placed
the snake upon the bosom of the slumber-
ing man.

The man awoke, and opened his eyes
wide, to see what it was that disturbed his
slumbers. When his distorted eyes rested
on the snake, he screamed aloud "Am I
Dennis McFarlan or a dead man?" The
snake being fed of a warm bed, for it is
in its instinct, coiled itself into many forms
and attitudes over the *corpus* of Dennis,
and had silently nestled by his side, when
Dennis awoke to consciousness. Bridget
had stooped beneath the bed, and was not
perceived by Dennis. Dennis called out
to the snake in a paroxysm of fear, "Who
are yees? Are yees a ghost to haunt me?
Has yees come to oul Ireland again?
Spirit of St. Patrick deliver me!"

Bridget answered in a low creaking
voice, whose intonations Dennis thought
came from the snake, "I'm Bridget Ma-
honey, and if yees do not sign yees name to
that paper, in which yees promise to marry
me, yees will be as dead as a blighted pet-
ter."

The old adage that "a drowning man
will catch at a straw" was fully verified in
Dennis. He leaped from his bed with
cold sweat on his brow, the snake still
coiled over him, and signed the paper,
which Bridget had placed on the table
when she first entered the house. Then
Bridget took the snake from the body of
Dennis, and replaced it in the basket; and
at this moment, the two men, whom we
left loitering in the window, entered, and
placed their names as witnesses to the agree-
ment, which as soon as signed, Bridget
kissed and placed it next to her bosom for
safety.

As soon as this transaction was over,
Bridget remarked that "PERSUASION is a
good remedy with many things but an Irish-
man, and never can be stand 'foraine'
Force, when applied in an antidote in the
shape of a snake."

Dennis immediately perceived that he
was "taken in" for life, and allowed
himself to be led to the parish priest's
without any trouble, where they were made
"one and inseparable."

The snake was returned to the owner
with many thanks, and he had the pleas-
ure of seeing the affair to an end. Soon,
however, the truth of the affair was scatered
over the four winds, and Dennis was
pointed out as the man who was
"snaked," and from whence sprung the
expression so much used, without the us-
ers knowing its origin.

With this adage, as well as many other
ancient and stereotyped ones, we see
they often work better backwards than
otherwise. We end by remarking that
Persuasion is not better than Force, when
we consider what is related, and more
especially, when a cunning old maid de-
vises a ruse to possess herself of a hus-
band whom